

POEMS

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

BY

Whateley afterwards

MRS. DARWALL. *K*

(Formerly Miss Whateley)

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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POEMS

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

BY
THE DUCHESS OF DARTMOUTH

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1795.



TO
HER SUBSCRIBERS IN GENERAL,
AND
To those FRIENDS in particular,
WHO HAVE KINDLY INTERESTED THEMSELVES
IN HER BEHALF,
THE FOLLOWING SHEETS
ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

By their obliged,

and grateful humble Servant,

M. Darwall.

Newtown, Montgomeryshire,

NOVEMBER 1st. 1794.

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AND

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THE FOLLOWING LIST

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NEW-YORK, MONTGOMERY ST.

NOVEMBER 1851.

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The

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THE TRIUMPH
OF
LIBERAL SENTIMENT,

(ADDRESSED TO MRS. DARWALL)

Written by the Rev. Dr. BOOKER, on perusing her Poems.



ERST, unarraign'd, tyrannic man confin'd
In chains of ignorance the female mind.
Jealous of glory, for himself alone
The torch of science and of learning shone :
No kindling ray, no soft inspiring light
Cheer'd hapless woman's dark Egyptian night.

Vol. I.

B

As

As sleeps the diamond's lustre in the mine,
 Her bright perfections were forbade to shine ;
 Till LIB'RAL THOUGHT chas'd error's mists away,
 And call'd those bright perfections into day ;
 Forc'd prejudice, enlighten'd, to declare
 Her mind exalted as her form is fair ;
 Hurl'd from his throne despotic custom down,
 That deem'd the sex a barrier to renown ;
 That long forbade, in arts or tuneful lays,
 "Heav'n's last—best—gift" to share the meed of
 praise,

Bless'd revolution !— If this baleful pow'r
 Still fway'd the arts, and, from the Muses' bow'r,
 Doom'd each fair vot'ress far in wilds to stray,
 Uncheer'd, unblest'd, by science' heav'nly ray ;—
 A fruit-

A fruitful waste had been the female mind,
 And DACIER's talents ne'er had blest'd mankind;
 A MONTAGUE, great SHAKESPEARE's sacred name
 Ne'er rescu'd from vile satire's* envious blame:
 A SEWARD's genius ne'er had soar'd sublime,
 Nor thine, O DARWALL! had beam'd forth in rhyme;
 Or thy sweet strains, in those unhallow'd days,
 Had flow'd unheeded, or have wak'd no praise.

So pours the nightingale, in deserts drear,
 Its song melodious to no list'ning ear;
 The zephyrs bear it to some neighb'ring shore,
 And its soft murmurs soon are heard no more.

* VOLTAIRE.

But happier times thy gentle muse await,
And thy sweet strains shall meet a happier fate;—
Shall, as with rapture they the bosom fire,
Give fame immortal to thy tuneful lyre.



P O E M S.

INVOCATION.

DESCEND, fair nymph of birth divine,

Fav'rite of the tuneful nine,

Bright Imagination! come;

Deign to make this breast thy home.

Come from Pindus' sacred shades,

Leave the chaste Aonian maids;

Come, and from Castalia's spring

Streams of inspiration bring.

Expand thy wings o'er my discordant lyre,

And make my bosom glow with true Pierian fire.

Let

Let me explore yon magic cell,—
 (Since there th'aërial power delights to dwell)
 Scoop'd, where a tall rock's rugged brow
 Frowns on the smiling meads below ;
 Adown whose steep and craggy side,
 With cadence deep, a foaming tide,
 Impetuous, rushes to embrace
 A river, which, with silent pace,
 Along the fruitful vale meand'ring strays,
 Serene as summer gales, and mild as Cynthia's rays.

And see! the goddess, from her native skies,
 Downwards bends her trackless flight,
 Where, queen of isles, Britannia lies,
 Guarded by rocks grotesque and white.

With

With her, an endless train of hopes and fears,
 Heart-rending doubts, soul-melting tears,
 Heroic ardors, dire alarms,
 'Mid streams of gore and glitt'ring arms,
 In forms fantastic beat the yielding air,
 And to the grot attend the heav'n-born fair.

I know the power, I know the place,
 By vestiges which time can ne'er efface.
 Immortal SHAKESPEARE, in that grot reclin'd,
 With eye that pierc'd thro' nature's thickest veil,
 From whose keen glance art cou'd no thought conceal,
 Felt heav'nly ardors burst upon his mind.

The goddess wav'd her potent wand ;—
 Around his couch, with terror-striking pow'r,
Arose

Arose the dreadful incorporeal band,
 Whilst from his brows distill'd the copious shower.

There brave OTHELLO hugs th'envenom'd dart,
 That from his bleeding heart
 Tore fond affection, beauty, and fair truth:
 There ROMEO, bent by stern misfortune's hand,
 Banish'd from JULIET and his native land,
 Presses th'untimely bier in the gay bloom of youth.

Behold, with quiv'ring lip, unsteady gait,
 And starting hair, the pious DANE advance,
 To question the perturbed royal ghost,
 Returning nightly from the dreary coast
 Of penal flames!—O! mark that maniac glance,
 And own the hand that limn'd each line so true,
 Cou'd copy nature,—and direct her too.

From

From day's fair light retir'd, in solemn state,
 Behold three female forms,
 Too delicately fram'd to brave the storms
 That on mankind in public life await.
 But, wounded by oppression's ruthless dart,
 The softer passions fly the gentlest heart.
 The rage of injur'd CONSTANCE we revere,
 And cruel MARG'RET's woes impel the frozen tear;
 Whilst mild ELIZABETH assails the breast
 With grief too deep, too strong to be express'd.
 Around the tyrant RICHARD's blood-stain'd bed
 Th'avenging Furies stalk,— terrific band!
 And, issuing from the numerous graves he fed,
 In horrid forms the grizly spectres stand.

Peace from his breast,—sleep from his pillow flies,
And, raging with remorseless guilt, he dies.

On the drear blasted heath,

Behold MACBETH !

Attended by th'unhallow'd wayward crew ;

His cheek, now flush'd with hopes, now chill'd
with fears,

Now shudd'ring and dismay'd the Thane appears,

Now grasps the airy scepter glitt'ring in his view.

With brain unhing'd by base ingratitude,

Weath'ring th'impetuous storm, and bleak blast
rude,

There wretched LEAR arrests the pitying eye ;

'Reav'd of attendant vassals idly gay,

Philosophising grief's keen pang away,

His error moves our blame, his woes demand a sigh.

By like

By like ingratitude betray'd,
 There hapless GLO'STER's eyeless shade,
 Seeking the craggy cliff's stupendous brow,
 Chills the warm blood, suspends the vital pow'r:
 Whilst EDGAR's wrongs awake our gen'rous ire,
 His well-dissembled madness we admire,
 And o'er his suff'rings shed the sympathetic show'r.

In moon-light soft, behold the Fairy train,
 Tripping, with printless step, the dewy plain
 In many a mazy round,—by vulgar eye
 Unseen,—unheard their airy minstrelsy,
 Save by the Muse-rapt ear;—whilst lover's vows,
 Num'rous as blades of grass, or leaves on boughs,
 Are plighted, broke, renew'd, and broke again,
 As PUCK,* in wanton frolic shall ordain.

Still

* *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Still let the changeful youth adopt this scheme,
And call his forfeit vows a fairy dream.

There the fifth HENRY, (name to Britons dear)

Stifling the noble ardors of his soul,
Yielding to uncurb'd youth the wild career,

With recreant FALSTAFF quaffs the midnight
bowl;—

Retorts the ribald jest with poignant wit;

The quip, quirk, repartee's incessant roll,
Make the proud Cynic to mirth's fway submit.

See, at Herne's oak, or on Salopia's plain,

The boastful Knight his wonted part sustain

With broad unblushing front;—whilst fat and
fair,

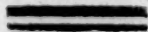
With

With gouty foot on stool, in easy chair,
Humour sits laughing at each sportive strain.

Goddess! thy influence I invoke no more:

I feel my pow'rs unequal to the task;—
Too feeble thro' thy boundless heights to soar:
Give me, thy Shakespeare's beauties to explore;
'Tis all I ask.

And, far from Avon's sacred stream,
Let me indulge the pleasing dream
In some lone dell, from public haunts remov'd;—
With reverential awe, at distance view
Thy favor'd sons,— the chosen few,
By Science nurs'd, and by the Muses lov'd.



L I N E S,

OC CAS I O N E D B Y S E E I N G A B E A U T I E U L P R I N T

O F T H E

R I V E R C L Y D E.

G I V E me to range with mind serene
 The heath-clad hills, the pastures green,
 That deck the sweetly-varied side
 Of Errick's boast, romantic CLYDE:
 Where, by the mould'ring gothic tow'rs,
 The rapid stream resistless pours
 Thro' rocky chasms, wild and rude,
 In all the pomp of solitude.

Fair

Fair stream! I trace thee thro' the meads,
Where bleating flocks, and shepherd's reeds,
And every warbler of the wood,
Pay their glad tribute to thy flood.

Well pleas'd I see the rural lass,
Bleaching her web upon the grass,
Or, bending o'er thy lucid wave,
From ev'ry soil her linen lave;
Whilst blithe she carols many a lay
Of Tiviot's banks, or winding Tay.

Now, from thy varied scenes so bland,
I turn to views august and grand,
Where Glasgow's sacred fanes arise,
And point our wishes to the skies.

See

See, on the bosom of the stream,
 Illum'd with Cynthia's trembling beam,
 Inverted edifices lie,
 With all the glories of the sky.

Enraptur'd with the scene, I lay
 Where Tame his gently-winding way
 Steals thro' the osier-fringed vales,
 Fann'd by soft zephyr's balmy gales;
 When (deeply musing) Morpheus shed
 His magic influence round my head,
 And fancy form'd the pleasing dream:—

Methought a Naiad from the stream
 Arose; loose flow'd her sea-green vest,
 An amber clasp adorn'd her breast;

Her

Her pearly brow, her coral lip,
 Whence Venus' doves might nectar sip,
 Her soft blue eye, that beam'd a ray
 Mild as the blush of orient day,
 Her modest, glowing, damask cheek,
 "Where Cupids lurk in dimples sleek,"—
 Were such as beauty's goddess chose,
 When blooming from the sea she rose;
 Or such as heav'n, t'enslave mankind,
 In MYRA's face has sweetly join'd:—
 Her auburn tresses wav'd beneath
 A wildly graceful sedgy wreath.

"Mortal," she cry'd, "the wish give o'er,
 "Thine eye shall ne'er the banks explore

"Of

" Of CLYDE's clear stream, where joyous rove
 " The sons of freedom, peace, and love.
 " Can'st thou the glen, or pine-topp'd hill,
 " Like BURNS, with strains ecstatic fill?
 " Or dare to touch thy humble wire,
 " Where beauteous HELEN's* sweet-ton'd lyre
 " Breathes harmony in every gale,
 " That cheers the grove, or fans the dale ;
 " Where gentle Leven's silver tide
 " Flows swift to mingle with the CLYDE.
 " Content, amid thy native plains,
 " Breathe to the woods thy rural strains."

I started, rose, and sighing cry'd,
 Adieu, vain wish! adieu, sweet CLYDE!

AN

* Miss H. M. Williams, Author of a Vol. of Sonnets, &c.

AN EPISTLE

TO

A FRIEND.

LET us, Monimia, from our bosoms chace
Each sorrow, that afflicts the human race;
And, cheer'd by friendship's genial warmth, survey
The source whence issues its enliv'ning ray:—
Far hence the lover's wish, the poet's dream,
And female friendship be the pleasing theme.

Why does vain man accuse our gentle kind
Of pride, and weak inconstancy of mind?

Why

Why should he deem the female breast the seat
Of rankling envy, and of dark deceit?

As tyrant kings their subjects' rights invade,
As trembling kids to lions yield the shade,
So are we robb'd of friendship's sacred name,
Because too timid to defend our claim.

What, tho' no Greek or Latian bard of old
Has female friends in deathless strains enroll'd,
Who, like Euryalus and Nisus, dar'd
Whatever fate their heart's lov'd partner shar'd;
Yet equal faith and fortitude combin'd,
They own, have oft adorn'd the female mind.

Say, what is love, but friendship's brightest ray,
Which softens woe, and cheers fate's darkest day?

What

What, but this gentle, this exalted flame,
 Glow'd in the breast of the Dulichian dame,
 When her lov'd lord was sever'd from her arms,
 Whilst twenty vernal suns beheld her charms?
 Hopeless of his return, by numbers woo'd,
 By ev'ry art, love could devise, pursu'd,
 Firm in affection his chaste consort prov'd,
 His image cherish'd, and his mem'ry lov'd;
 'Till heav'n, to bless her constancy, restor'd
 To her despairing arms her long-lost lord.
 Cou'd vulgar love, or low desires have made
 Alcestis' hand her tender breast invade?
 Dauntless she died; blest, with her life to save
 Her dear Admetus from the threat'ning grave.

But

But rove not thus, my muse, to distant climes,
 Nor think fair faith confin'd to heathen times.
 Our isle can boast her Eleanor's name,
 Whose living virtues grace the book of fame.
 Yes, glorious queen! for Edward's dearer life
 Thy own was stak'd;— heav'n saw the gen'rous
 strife,—
 Preserv'd the heroine,—to her fervent pray'r
 Gave her heart's lord, and crown'd her pious care.
 Nor have our noblest bards invidious prov'd,
 Well have they sung the virtuous flame they lov'd.
 In Thompson's scenes fair Eleanora's tale
 Shall charm each heart, till taste and nature fail.
 And well has Shakespeare (ever honour'd name)
 To female friendship giv'n immortal fame.

So

So dear was Rosalind to Celia's breast,
 When, by her father's tyrant power oppress'd,
 The fair was banish'd, destitute, to roam,
 Celia with her forsook her splendid home,
 Left a fond father, bade a court adieu,
 And with her friend to lonely woods withdrew ;
 Trod the brown desert, and the forest wild,
 And at distress and changeful fortune smil'd.
 All-righteous heav'n the gen'rous act approv'd,
 And to a crown restor'd the friend she lov'd.

And thou, Monimia ! (cou'd these humble lays
 Transmit thy merit to succeeding days)
 In fame's unfading page shou'd'st be enroll'd,
 And all thy virtues fair shou'd there be told.

Thy

Thy faithful bosom scorns th' ignoble thought,
 That love or friendship can with gold be bought.
 Pure as the vestal's holy fire must burn
 The flame, that merits such a heart's return.
 Avaunt! ye frail, inconstant, faithless race!
 Nor with your lips these noble names disgrace.
 If, with the veering wind of fortune's change,
 Your tutor'd hearts from breast to breast can range,
 Fond love's or friendship's pow'r you ne'er have
 try'd,
 But devious, rov'd with folly for your guide.
 Henceforth her shrine adore, nor dare pretend
 T'assume the name of lover or of friend:—
 The heart that to one pow'r has prov'd untrue,
 Can never pay the other homage due.

To fair Monimia and her Myra leave

These pleasing passions, nor yourselves deceive:

Their long try'd hearts no change has pow'r to
move,

Alike they beat to friendship and to love.

In each one object has the heart posses'd,

And death alone can tear it from each breast.



TO

A FRIEND,

ON HER RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

MY much belov'd, my gentle friend,
May ev'ry happiness attend
Thy health's returning bloom ;
May fell disease, and grief, and pain,
With all their dire afflictive train,
No longer be thy doom.

The

Th' autumnal sun now shines serene,

Rich Ceres beautifies each scene,

And plenty laughs around ;

The woods, the hills, the vales look gay,

O! hither come, and every day

With rapture shall be crown'd.

Come, range with me the verdant lawn,

And hear the lark at early dawn

His sprightly matin trill ;

Or, with my little playful throng,

At eve enjoy the blackbird's song,

Beside some gurgling rill.

But

But wheresoe'er my friend shall stray,
 May peace and pleasure smooth her way,
 And health and fortune smile ;
 May love, with all his choicest flowr's,
 For thee adorn his myrtle bowr's,
 And all thy cares beguile.

May some gay youth, fond, kind, and true,
 My SYLVIA's worthy heart subdue
 To Hymen's gentle pow'r ;
 Soft may the silken fetters prove,
 Distrust or doubt ne'er chill your love,
 But peace gild every hour !

INV.

INVITATION

TO THE SAME,

IN W I N T E R.

FROM regions of perpetual smoke,

Commercia's rich domains,

Where sulph'rous streams for ever choke,

And sooty Vulcan reigns ;

Thy DELIA's muse wou'd fain take wing,

To greet her SYLVIA's eyes ;

But sure, what from such scenes can spring,

My SYLVIA must despise.

All

All nature checks the vain design,
 Loud howls the bleak north-east,
 No wreath appears thy brow to twine,
 No flow'r to deck thy breast.

The silent streamlets of the dale,
 In icy fetters bound,
 Weep to no love-lorn shepherd's tale,
 Nor cheer the vallies round.

No blackbird swells the varied strain,
 No sky-lark wakes the morn,
 But dazzling snow invests the plain,
 And nature droops forlorn.

Yet

Yet, in the dreariest wintry hour,

The faithful heart can find

A sovereign balm, in one fair flow'r,

To sooth the anxious mind.

Its vivid tints no storm can blast,

Its fragrance ne'er decays ;

But, fresh and fair, whilst life shall last,

A vernal bloom displays.

And well its virtues SYLVIA knows ;

For in her tender breast,

(Congenial soil) it spreads and blows,

In sweet perfection drest.

Friend-

Friendship, my SYLVIA, is the flow'r;

Sometimes, to Love refin'd,

It still exerts superior pow'r,

To bless the kindred mind.

And well I wot my snug retreat

Can boast its highest bloom ;

Then haste to make my joy complete,

Extend the rich perfume.

Come ; tho' no vernal prospects gay

Can here delight thy mind ;

Nor will thy favor'd youth delay

These distant scenes to find.

Four guileless hearts, that, raptur'd, bend
 To love's and friendship's sway,
 Shall sprightly mirth and music blend,
 To cheer the darksome day.

I, bless'd in my PHILANDER's love,
 With heighten'd joy shall see
 My SYLVIA, with her EDWIN, prove
 Bless'd in the same degree.

DELIA

DELIA

TO

PHILANDER.

WHILE you, PHILANDER, free from care,

Enjoy a calm repose;

Your DELIA grieves 'mid smoke and noise,

Nor balmy comfort knows.

Dis-

Distant from what she most esteems,

All sad, she hails the morn;

And, pensive, mourns her adverse fate,

'Till gloomy eve's return.

For me in vain the solar orb

Its cheering influence sheds;

In vain the woodland choir rejoice,

And flow'rets paint the meads.

Far from sweet ARROWE'S cool retreats,

Not sprightly May can charm;

Nor social pleasure's varying round

My heart-felt gierfs disarm.

How

How gaily the blithe minutes flew,

When, in the silent grove,

I read fair nature's ample page,

And knew no cares but love:

Where zephyrs wav'd their downy wings,

And blushing Flora spread

Her varied vest, with sweets replete,

Wide o'er the velvet mead:

Where rosy-finger'd pleasure stray'd,

And ev'ry sylvan pow'r

Smil'd on the harmless, past'ral throng,

And bless'd each passing hour.

But

But here, what different scenes are found!

Here no PHILANDER'S voice
Calls echo from her lonely cave,
Or bids the plains rejoice.

No more I range the daisied lawn,
In vernal beauty dress'd;
No more the softly murm'ring rill
Can sooth my soul to rest.

No more the poplar's friendly shade
Excludes the scorching ray;
Where oft attention, rapt, has hung
On your mellifluous lay.

Each

Each fav'rite scene of rural bliss

In thought I oft renew;

Then mourn the chance, that bade me leave

My native plains and you.



SONNET

S O N N E T

TO THE

M O O N.

PALE regent of the night! to thee I bend:
Let thy chaste beams my wand'ring steps befriend.
Rank follies, which in mid-day sunshine glare,
By thy mild light may I elude;— and far
From falsehood, flatt'ry and mankind escape,
Where pain, in pleasure's most alluring shape,

Attends

Attends, th' unwary trav'ller to betray,
Whose heedless footsteps trace the devious way.

Queen of the placid brow, and eye serene,
Give me, to wander o'er the varied scene,
When ev'ry object, soften'd by thy light,
Appears with added beauty to my sight.
Let others love in flaunting day to shine,
Moon-light and contemplation still be mine !

H Y M N

TO

PLUTUS.

PLUTUS! to thee I bow, to thee alone,
And, prostrate, worship at thy splendid throne.
To thee, great god of ocean, earth and air,
My heart ascends, and thus prefers its pray'r.

O! grant thy vot'ry wealth, howe'er 'tis gain'd,
By murders blotted, by corruption stain'd,
By grov'ling arts, which virtuous fools despise,
Who wish for wealth, yet scorn the ways to rise:

Still

Still let them court that empty bubble, fame,
 Be self-applause their riches, peace their claim.
 Such rebels to thy sway my soul disdains,
 Theirs be the glory, Plutus! mine the gains.
 For me let Phœbus, with intenser ray,
 Pour o'er Peruvian mines the blazing day;
 Tho' Pan's fair flocks bestrew the high parch'd
 plains,
 Brown Ceres droop, and breathless faint the swains,
 Tho' sable slaves in countless myriads die,
 Beneath the influence of the fervid sky,
 What is't to me, who, in this temp'rate isle,
 At southern heat, and Greenland winters smile?

To me propitious is the scorching beam,
 Tho' sick'ning nature gasp beneath the gleam;
 Since to this kind, prolific warmth I owe
 The diamond's blaze, and ruby's heighten'd glow:
 This to all-pow'rful gold matures the ore,
 For which the suppliant crowd thy shrine adore.
 Do I forget, or break a promise made,—
 Must I be tied to servile rules of trade?
 No:—Liberty from ample fortune springs
 To spurn beneath my foot such trivial things.

Shou'd the small number, who on honor doat,
 And feast on virtue in a thread-bare coat,

Say

Say, I by falsehood and collusion gain'd

The darling end, for which each nerve was
strain'd;

Whilst I enjoy the permanent delight

Of solid gold, I'll swear THEIR BLACK IS WHITE.

Tho' tongue-tied truth may blame the bold design,

The world will honor me, whilst wealth is mine:

Then, PLUTUS, grant me wealth; to thee I bend,

And my devotion but with life shall end.

TO MR. F—

ON HIS MARRIAGE.

IN verse, as plain and as sincere as prose,

Permit a friend her wishes to disclose.

Fame says you're married ;— on your well-known
taste

My judgment's form'd, and cannot be misplac'd.

I know the face, that cou'd your bosom move,

Must glow with sentiment, and beam with love.

I know that in the fair must be combin'd

A person elegant, and polish'd mind,

To

To twist the silken bonds, that bless for life
 The raptur'd husband and confiding wife.
 How I exult, to find no foreign dame
 Cou'd kindle in your breast the tender flame!
 That Gallia's beauties yield to Mercian charms,
 And British eyes prevail, like British arms!

But let the muse assume a sprightlier strain,
 Light fly the notes around the list'ning plairt.
 O! cou'd they sound sweet as the trembling strings,
 When DELIA o'er the keys her rapid fingers flings;
 Then might the wood-lark cease his tuneful trill,
 And echo pause, enrapt, on yonder hill.

May

May love, and peace, and smiling joy
Strew your paths with sweetest flow'rs;
May no cank'ring grief annoy
Your Hearts, nor shade the swift-wing'd hours!

Bless'd, and blessing, may you know
Ev'ry happiness below!

And, when life resigns to fate,
Joys be yours of endless date!



SONG

S O N G,

Adapted to a favorite Gavot

O F A V I S O N ' s .

HAVE you seen my DAMON, lasses?

Did you meet him on the green?

His sweet pipe each lad's surpasses,

Matchless are his air and mein.

Long he woo'd me, long he su'd me;—

I, alas! was cold as snow:

Now he leaves me, how it grieves me!

Where he roves I do not know,

Hapless

Hapless sex ! constrain'd by fashion

To disguise each tender thought ;—

To repress the genial passion

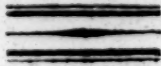
Is the art we first are taught.

Hence dissembling, blushing, trembling ;

Female wiles and airs, adieu !

Shepherd, hear me ! come and cheer me !

Or poor DELIA dies for you.



LINES

LINES

OCCASIONED

BY SEEING THE COLD-BATH, AT HOCKLEY ABBEY,

NEAR BIRMINGHAM.

IF Cynthus' piny hills chaste Dian loves,
If blooming Hebe seeks th' Arcadian groves,
If thro' the Paphian plains bright Venus strays,
Or in the Cyprian shades her charms displays ;
If health's blithe goddess loves at early dawn
To sweep the dew-drop from the flow'ry lawn ;

Here

Here let the fair celestial train retire,
 And here, O ! Phœbus, lead thy tuneful choir.
 Whate'er Arcadia, Cynthus, Paphos yields
 Adorns these groves, clear streams, and smiling
 fields.
 No bold Actæon, with profane emprise,
 Can pierce these hallow'd walls with impious eyes.
 This pearly roof and pure translucent wave
 Invite Hygeia's votaries to lave :
 Then here, Hygeia, blooming goddess ! come ;
 In this cool region fix thy envied home :
 Here reign, embow'r'd, beside the crystal wave,
 And bid thy vot'ries here securely lave,
 Plunge deep, and meet the naiad of the stream,
 And prove their fondest hopes no idle dream.

May

May the returning rose their cheeks embloom,
 And thou, sweet nymph, thy fairest seat resume!
 With thy bright glow bid ev'ry face appear,
 And health and beauty fix their empire here!



To

TO MR. AND MRS. F—

ON SEEING THE PLEASURE-GROUNDS

AT HOCKLEY ABBEY.

HAIL! gentle pair, with genuine taste refin'd,
Who deck'd this grot, and rear'd these antique
tow'rs ;
Round the feign'd time-shook walls the ivy twin'd,
And taught the trees to form these friendly bow'rs.

May

May you, in this delightful calm retreat,

With festive joy, or tranquil thought be blest!

May those emotions in your bosoms beat,

Which ev'ry morn bring peace, at evening, rest!

Ne'er may the callous heart these walls pervade,

To rob the pretty warblers of their young,

Who fearless seek your hospitable shade,

And pay the tribute of their sweetest song.

Ne'er may the trees their leafy honors mourn,

Cropp'd by rude hands,—nor from the sparry
wall

The beauteous spoils of Neptune's realms be torn,

Nor Flora's blooming tribes untimely fall.

Here

Here let the muse's pensive vot'ry stray,
 To whom such tranquil scenes are ever dear,
 Far hence, wild dissipation! shape thy way;—
 Virtue and peace alone are licens'd here.



LINES

LINES

SUGGESTED IN A GROTTO

at the same place.

YE, that dote on pomp and pow'r,
Shun this low-roof'd, mossy cell;
Here, to'scape the fervid hour,
Genius loves with peace to dwell.

Musing solitude delights
Near the placid stream to rove;
Contemplation calm invites
Her vot'ries to the hallow'd grove.

Wel-

Welcome here the lib'ral mind,

Welcome here the breast that glows,

(By tender sympathy refin'd)

To sooth each sorrow to repose.



SUGGESTED WHILE SITTING ON

a turf seat,

AT THE SAME PLACE.

PRIDE and pageantry, avaunt!

On this simple, turf-built seat

I enjoy what thousands want,—

From the world a safe retreat.

Distant views may charm the eye,

Distant hopes may wound the breast;

These sequester'd scenes supply

The care-worn heart with balmy rest.

But

But, while here on earth we stay,

Varied is our happiest lot;

Clouds obscure our brightest day,

Alike in castle or in cot.



ON
HEARING A BLACKBIRD SING

EARLY IN MARCH.

==

WELCOME, sweet harbinger of spring!

Thou softest warbler of the grove!

Thou bid'st the dreary woodlands ring

With strains of music, joy and love.

Tho' scarce a swelling bud is seen

To deck the hedge-row, shrub or tree;

Tho' nature boasts no vivid green,

Yet is gay spring announc'd by thee.

When

When, rising from th' unblossom'd spray,

Thy sooty fav'rite meets thine eye,

How quick thou wing'st thy liquid way,

Regardless of the stormy sky!

True love, and well-try'd faith, can bear,

Unmov'd, the chilling wintry blast,

Sing o'er the scanty, hard-earn'd fare,

Nor e'er regret the sunshine past.



ODE

Respectfully inscribed

TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN,

ON HIS RETURN FROM HIS TRAVELS.

FROM classic ground, where MARO's pen

And GUIDO's pencil caught celestial fire,

EUGENIO, pride of free-born men,

Returns to glad his fond, expecting sire:—

To heal the wounds his tortur'd heart has known,

And in his breast bid peace resume her throne.

From

From studying nature's ample page,
 From studying human policy and laws,
 From tracing science down from age to age,
 Seeking from obvious truths each latent cause;
 Behold! his parent's pride, his country's boast,
 With filial rapture, hails his native coast.

Accomplis'd youth! Oh! may that coast
 For ever be thy pride, thy boast!
 Tho' Padua bloom, almost as Eden fair,
 Tho' the rich vintage of Falernia's hills
 The ample press with nectar fills,
 And odors mingle in the air;—

Yet

Yet may thy native Britain vie with these:

Her springs salubrious—her refreshing breeze,
Wafted around from Neptune's green domain,
Relume the faded cheek, and gladden ev'ry plain :
Her spacious orchards teem with racy floods,
Rich plenty crowns her fields, and music fills her
woods.

The cheerful horns, the well-match'd hounds,
Shall call sweet echo from her cave each morn ;
And, round thy villa's rich, extensive bounds,
On zephyr's wing the strains shall long be borne.

The old, infirm and poor, to whom thy hand,
In charity extended, comfort gives,
Shall bend in pray'r to heav'n that fortunes bland
May bless their patron, whilst on earth he lives.
And

And long, O! long may he on earth remain,
By peace attended, and her smiling train!
May his bright virtues ev'ry heart engage,
And live recorded to the latest age!



SONNET

SONNET

TO A

ROSE.

SWEET rose! how justly styl'd the queen of
flow'rs!

Thy hues how various, yet how beauteous all!
Whate'er thy tints, thy breath its fragrance pours
To the soft breeze, at morning's earliest call,
And scents with perfumes rich grey ev'ning's
dewy pall.

Whe-

Whether in glowing red thy blooms are deck'd,
 Or white as innocence thou meet'st the eye;
 Or thy fair leaves, with sanguine traces speck'd,*
 Bid us the dire effects of pride descry,
 And mark the thorns that under regal ermine lie;

Still, queen of flow'rs! shalt thou unrivall'd reign:
 Thy spoils distill'd, an added sweetness boast;
 As sense and virtue, spite of time, retain
 Unfading charms, when transient beauty's lost.

The

** Alluding to the York and Lancaster rose*

THE
SONG
OF THE
SISTERS OF IVAR.

THE THOUGHT TAKEN FROM THOMPSON'S ALFRED.

LOUD and hollow blows the blast,

Thick descends the rattling hail ;

Thro' th'expanse of æther vast

See the lurid light'nings trail !

Vivid flash to flash succeeds,

Gleaming thro' the murky air,

Horror blasts the smiling meads,

And shrouds each prospect late so fair.

Hark !

Hark! from yonder gloomy cave,

Far receding from the view,

Where black boughs of cypress wave,

Blended with the baleful yew;—

Hark! what sounds of dire portent

Echo thro' the darkling vales!

Let me watch the dread event,

Tho' grim death my heart assails.

'Tis th'infernal magic yell

Of the furious Ivar's race,

Here they form the potent spell,

That flies the sun's refulgent face.

See

See! a sable web they form,—

Streaming gore the texture stains;

Shrieks and thunder, groans and storm,

Sound symphonious to their strains,

CALDA first began the song,

As her hand the shuttle threw:—

“ Ivar, be thy sword still strong,

“ Be thy courage ever true!

“ And where-e'er this banner's furl'd,

“ Thine shall be the conquer'd world:

“ This banner, fraught with grim war's woes,

“ Shall shake destruction on thy foes.”

DARGA

DARGA next approach'd the loom,

Nature shudder'd at her scream;

And, scarce seen 'mid clouds of gloom,

The pale moon shed her faintest beam;—

“ This dread raven's sable form

“ On his wing shall bear dismay,

“ Death and fury, rage and storm

“ Stalk, where-e'er he leads the way:

“ Ivar, see, with conquest crown'd,

“ Thy gasping foes despairing bite the ground.”

Black CLOTILDA's gory hand

Clos'd the woof, and clos'd the charm;—

“ Ivar! may each hostile land

“ Tremble at thy lifted arm!

O'er

" O'er the ocean's foaming surge

" Lead thy dauntless myriads forth ;

" Make the farthest western verge

" Dread the legions of the north !

" Let the black raven snuff his destin'd prey,

" And bear to unknown worlds death, terror and

dismay !

" Hecate, aid our mystic rites ;

" Furies, join your ruthless pow'r ;

" Ivar's fearless soul delights

" In deeds that fit this fateful hour,

' But,

" But, alas! a threat'ning gleam

" Crosses all our pains and art,

" Bright and brighter see it stream,

" And our friendly mists depart.

" Long the raven shall prevail,

" Long his wing spread havock round,

" 'Till the west a king shall hail,

" With valour arm'd with virtue crown'd,

" Danish glory then shall fade,

" Danish blood shall drench the plain,

" Ivar's shield, and reeking blade,

" Boast no more the crimson stain."

" Louder

Louder howl'd the mighty wind,

Rending peals convuls'd the sky,

Death-like terrors shook my mind,

And wild the furious sisters fly;

Shrieking, as they leave the cell,—

“ Danish glory, ah! farewell!”



ADDRESS

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY

Miss MELLON

ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT,

AT THE THEATRE,

Walsall,



TH O' taught, for your amusement, to assume
Pleasure's gay smile, or sorrow's deepest gloom,
There are some traits of nature in my heart,
Invariably the same thro' ev'ry part:

A sense of ev'ry favor you have shewn
 Beats in each nerve, and struggles to be known.
 Accept my warmest thanks, ye gen'rous fair!
 Who thus have made a strangers cause your care.
 For you may love select his choicest flow'rs,
 To strew your paths, and to entwine your bow'rs!
 May health and peace their vivid glow diffuse!
 (Richer cosmetics than Circassian dew.)

May commerce spread her sails from pole to
 pole,
 And, on each billow, wealth to Albion roll!
 May factious tumult be expell'd this isle ;
 Here may the muses, graces, virtues smile !

'Thron'd

'Thron'd in each heart, may our lov'd monarch
reign

With genuine liberty's celestial train!

And to this favor'd spot, by bounteous heav'n,

May ev'ry blessing man can ask be giv'n!



ADDRESS

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN BY

Mrs. NUNNS,

ON HER FIRST APPEARANCE

AT THE THEATRE,

EDINBURGH.

FROM Mercia's plains to Scotia's happy shore

A stranger comes, your suff'rance to implore.

Nurs'd 'mid the smiles and plaudits of my friends,

To them 'tis owing, if ambition blends,

With native timidity, a wish to please

Where judgment reigns,—where elegance and ease

Preside

Preside in ev'ry mind.— May my endeavours
 Attract your kind regard, engage your favors!
 Tho' beauteous BELLAMY you erst have seen,
 Adding new strength to SHAKESPEAR'S matchless
 scene;

Tho' CUNNINGHAM, by ev'ry muse and grace
 Belov'd, has sought with joy this favor'd place;
 Neither cou'd boast more ardent hopes than mine,
 Whose highest pride is in your eyes to shine.

O! may your sweet romantic clime impart
 Such genuine raptures to my feeling heart,
 That ev'ry thought, look, action may conspire
 To prove my bosom glows with Caledonian fire!

But

But cou'd some emanations from that muse,
 Who pour'd on BURNS's head her hallow'd dews,
 Teach me that nameless sentimental grace,
 That wou'd transcribe his genius in my face;
 Then shou'd I fearless meet the critic's eye,
 Secure, like him, of fame and immortality.



IMPROMP-

IMPROMPTU

ON BEING REQUESTED TO WRITE SOME VERSES.

BY the softly-murm'ring stream,
Where I fondly us'd to dream,
O'er the daisy-painted lawn,
Where I met the meek-ey'd dawn;
Thro' the grove or up the mountain,
Or beside some mossy fountain,
Where I wander'd, oft befriended
By the muse, who then attended

Ev'ry

Ev'ry rural haunt I sought,

Sooth'd each care, improv'd each thought;—

Now alas! in vain I rove:—

Nor fountain, lawn, nor dale nor grove

Can inspire the tuneful strain.

Youth is fled, and fancy's train,

Ever flitting on the wing,

Follow HEBE and the spring.



VALEN-

VALENTINE'S
DAY.

DRAMA-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COLIN

STREPHON

Shepherds.

PHILLIDA

ANNA.

VALEN-

VALENTINE'S DAY.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE, a cottage with a small fire, the rising sun appearing through the window.— PHILLIDA tying flax upon her distaff.

PHILLIDA.

AIR.

AH! woe is me, poor lass!

To rise ere peep of day,

To toil and spin,

Small gains to win,

While other maidens play!

But

H 2

But thus my mother spoke,

And dare I disobey?

“ This web must be spun,

“ This long thread done,

„ Before the close of day.”

Rising and throwing away her distaff.

A I R.

O! Valentine's day, thou wert ne'er made for spinning;

Forgive, my dear mother, the bent of my mind:

When young as your daughter, you car'd not for
linen,

So you met but a lad that was loving and kind.

I'll follow your sample,

And set an example

To each village lass that has courage to try:—

If

If, COLIN, I meet thee,

So kindly I'll greet thee,

We'll strike up a wedding, or thou shalt say why.

A gentle rap at the door, and enter Anna.

PHILLIDA.

My ANNA, sweet friend, what! so early awake?

But you've slept none last night, or I sadly mistake:

Those eyes are such tell-tales, those cheeks look so
pale,

That my heart can conceive, e'er you tell the soft
tale.

Young Cupid (sly rogue) has been playing his
gambols,

And fitted your mind for our Valentine rambles.

My

My mother (good soul) here has set me to work ;

But if I spin to day, I'm a Jew or a Turk :

I did not smart up in my holiday clothes

To sit here tweedle tweedle, you well may suppose:

No;— I'll lock up the door, and I'll range the
fields over,

And it sha'n't be my fault if I find not a lover.

'Spite of all my high spirits, dear ANNA, I own,

Little Cupid has long claim'd my heart for his
throne.

COLIN's easy indiff'rence and coolness have gain'd

What the whole tribe of flatt'ers cou'd ne'er have
obtain'd.

And

And if he won't woo me, 't will give me some pleasure

To plague the poor soul without pity or measure.

ANNA.

My good-natur'd mad-cap, what wou'd'st thou be at?

Because thou lov'st COLIN, wou'd'st plague him for that?

Be mild and obliging, and civil and cool,

And the man will pursue thee unless he's a fool:

But if thy wild wit and thy tongue are let loose,

Believe me, he'll fly thee, or else he's a goose.

Let

Let modesty, prudence and spirit direct us,
 And female discretion for ever protect us.
 If my heart were just bursting, my features shou'd
 smile,
 Tho' my STREPHON were talking of love all the
 while.

PHILLIDA.

Dear ANNA, no more of this old-fashion'd stuff;
 I shou'd think thy poor heart had e'en suffer'd
 enough:
 The rose on thy cheek is grown pale, and thine eye
 Has lost much of its lustre;—but this by the by.—
 Then take a friend's counsel, comply with a grace;
 Nor break that soft heart, nor destroy that sweet face.

 Tho'

Tho' thou call'st me a mad-cap, I've prudence good
store

To take care of myself, and I wish for no more.

AIR.

Love with too much prudence fraught,

Ne'er shall make me melancholy:

Be your delicacy taught,

Coyness is ally'd to to folly:

Open-hearted truth shall guide me,

Let or good or bad betide me.

True it is, I love a youth,

Artless as the flock he feeds:—

If to me he plights his truth,

Nuptial bliss his vow succeeds:

If he

If he slight me, farewell care;—

Love, I toss thee to the air.

ANNA.

Thou hast made me a convert, I'll strive to comply;

If I meet the dear shepherd, I'll not be too shy:

But, I fear, he'll despise me if easily gain'd;

For the prize is most valu'd, that's hardly obtain'd.

Then assist, female pride, and I'll do what I can

To shew woman superior in prudence to man.

Come, lock up the door, to the fields let's away,

Cast our cares to the wind, and be cheerful and

gay;

Chat

Chat with all that we meet, and at CORYDON'S bow'r
Rest, and talk our pranks o'er, at the sweet noon-
tide hour.

Anna and Phillida lock the door and go off.

SCENE, a field.— Enter two shepherds.

FIRST SHEPHERD.

Well met, my good friend ; from the village what
news?

How prospers thy farm? and what luck with thy
ewes?

I hope all goes well! I've so long been a ranger,
That to all village news, you must know, I'm a
stranger.

How

How fare the tight girls at the end of the green?

ANNA, PHILLIDA, BRIDGET,— you know whom

I mean:

Have they got any lovers?—pray tell me, and who?

For one likes to hear news of one's neighbours you
know.

SECOND SHEPHERD.

As to ANNA, poor girl! she must die an old maid;
For each youth to approach the coy creature's
afraid:

She's so prim and demure, and so distant and cool,
That she makes e'en the wisest on's look like a fool.

Poor STREPHON, they say, is just dying for love,
But I think that's a case which no hist'ry can prove:

And

And 't were pity, poor fellow! that he shou'd be first:

No;— let the prim vixen lead apes and be curst.—

Then for PHILLIDA, she's all wit, spirits and mirth,

The whimsical'st wench sure that walks upon earth:

'Tis thought COLIN loves her, and pines for her

favor,

But dreads her keen jokes and her flighty behaviour.

As to BRIDGET, she's married;— and troth 'twas

high time,

For five farently youths for her wasted their prime.

There's DAMON, you know, who's a rhymer of old,

In odd-measur'd verses the story has told:—

His song on the subject may be but so so,

But it tells the plain truth, and that's something

you know.

Dear

FIRST SHEPHERD.

Dear lad, let me hear it, I love a good song;
And if it's a true one, it cannot be wrong.

SECOND SHEPHERD.

AIR.

ROBIN and ROGER, RALPH, RICHARD, and

HOBINOL

Courted young BRIDGET the pride of the milk-maids
all;

To tell the quarrels that out among them did fall,
Wou'd puzzle a head that's much better than
mine.

HOBINOL pleas'd her with tunes on his oaten reed,
ROGER's tough cudgel made HOBINOL's noddle
bleed,

ROBIN

ROBIN and RALPH from hard words to hard blows
proceed,

While BRIDGET, laughing, declar'd it was fine.

RICHARD, more cautious, avoided his rivals' sight ;
He told his love-*tales* beneath the dark gloom of
night.

BRIDGET said,— he that lov'd, never wou'd fear to
fight;—

No sneaking night-bird shou'd her sweet-heart be:

“ If you wou'd please me, DICK, let ROGER feel
your blows,

“ Let me behold him with black eyes and bloody
nose ;

“ I like the lad, who his love by his courage shews ;

“ Whining and pining will ne'er do for me.”

DICK a good drubbing got, ROGER no better sped,

He was well paid for poor HOBINOL's broken head,

BRIDGET said,—both by a will-o'-the-wisp were led,

Those that fought for her might beat her at last:

She hop'd their love and their courage were both

well cool'd,

She by such numskulls shou'd sure have been finely

rul'd;

So the four boxers by HOBINOL's pipe were fool'd,

And last May-morning saw BRIDGET ty'd fast.

Enter to them several other shepherds.

THIRD SHEPHERD.

A I R.

Friends, good morning! pleas'd I greet you,—

Pleas'd I hail the new-born spring,—

Glad

Glad this happy hour to meet you,—

Hark! the woods with music ring.

Learn the sky-lark's artless trilling,

Bid the girls attend your lay:

Each fond heart with rapture filling,

Love shall crown this joyful day.

Anna and Phillida appear at a distance.

FOURTH SHEPHERD.

See yonder two smart buxom lasses appear;

Come, practise the lesson you teach:

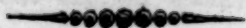
But haste, for if longer we list to you here,

I' faith, they'll be out of our reach.

Shepherds run off.

ACT

ACT THE SECOND.



SCENE,— *a grove.*— *Colin and Phillida meeting.*

COLIN.

GOOD morrow ! fair damsel, pray whither away?
Why so soon in the morning, so smart and so gay?
What market or fair does young PHILLIDA seek?
For I know not of any this day of the week.

PHILLIDA.

Why ! has COLIN forgot?—'tis the day of the year
When lasses in quest of their lovers appear ;

And

And if happily met on a Valentine's day,

'Tis a very good omen, as old women say.

The Poets declare (who, you know, never lie)

That on Valentine's day all the birds of the sky

Chuse their mates for a twelve-month, and always
prove true,

And that's more by one half than you men often
do;

You're so much addicted to roving and ranging,

Such groundless suspicions, such chopping and
changing,

That, in troth, a poor girl had need look well about
her;

If you think she's in love, you so slight her and
flout her,—

When

When, truly, you ought (as she saves you such
trouble,

And meets you half way) your affection to double;

But, 'ingrates, as you are, the more favor we shew
you,

The more you convince us how little we know you:

Of our credit, our reason and hearts you bereave us;

And think you've done wonderful well to deceive
us.

COLIN.

Well said, flippant lass;— art not quite out of
breath?—

If I thought thy dear tongue wou'd not talk me to
death,

I cou'd

I cou'd e'en be contented to make thee my wife,
 And wear the soft shackles of love all my life.
 I long have ador'd thee; but thought, if I spoke,
 Thy wit wou'd turn all I cou'd say to a joke;—
 But, induc'd by thy smiles, I've at last broke the
 ice;

Then tell me thy mind, and conclude in a trice.

PHILLIDA.

Then to speak the plain truth, I have long lov'd
 you too,
 And sought this occasion to tempt you to woo;
 And when I have promis'd obedience, you know,
 Why,— my tongue must lie still— if you'd have it
 do so.

COLIN.

COLIN.

How bless'd, my sweet girl!— But see where o'er
the plain

Young STREPHON approaches;— poor languishing
swain!

Oh! wou'd his lov'd ANNA were gentle as thee,
And he, honest shepherd, as happy as me!

How his piteous complaint sounds thro' wood-land
and vale!

Come, let's hide us, and laugh at his sorrowful tale.

Colin and Phillida retire.

STREPHON.

AIR.

See! Aurora's streaky light

Glows along the smiling east;

But

But the gloomy shades of night

Still o'ercast this love-lorn breast.

Still of ANNA I complain,

Grieve and sigh, but all in vain.

Hark! the minstrels of the grove

Pour their songs from ev'ry spray;

Nature tunes their notes to love,

Their fond mates accept the lay:

While soft echo³⁴ breathes the strain

O'er the dew-bespangled plain.

But my ANNA, blooming maid,

Scorning nature's kind decree,

Like the tim'rous fawn afraid,

Coldly flies from love and me.

Still

Still of ANNA I complain,

Grieve and sigh, but all in vain.

O! thou potent god of love,

Let me not in vain adore;

Teach thy vot'ry's sighs to move,

ANNA's icy breast explore:

There thy genial warmth impart,

Thaw with love the virgin's heart.

Exit Strephon.— Colin and Phillida return.

PHILLIDA.

Ah! well may one laugh at his sorrowful tale,

That makes ANNA's cruelty ring thro' the dale:

When, alas! the poor girl is just dying the while;

But for fear of imprudence won't grant him a smile.

I am

I am deep in her secrets, and, do what she can,
 If he'll boldly attack her, I'm sure he's the man.
 But, softly!—see yonder, she steals thro' the grove;
 No doubt to give vent to her sorrow and love.
 Again let's retire, and laugh at such grief,
 That will neither bestow, nor accept of relief.

Colin and Pbillida retire.

ANNA.

AIR.

Where does lovely STREPHON rove?
 Down what glen, or o'er what lawn?
 I have rang'd to seek my love
 Since the earliest blush of dawn.

Ev'ry

Ev'ry warbler meets his mate

On this bless'd auspicious day:—

Why is ANNA doom'd by fate

From the much-lov'd youth to stray?

Is it prudence, is it pride,

That constrains the hapless maid.

Ev'ry heart-felt wish to hide,

Of the youth she loves afraid?—

Could the gen'rous STREPHON'S tongue

Only court me to betray!

Ah! how much my heart I wrong,

When I coldly say him nay!

No!

No! he's tender, fond and true:—

Why shou'd ANNA wear disguise?

Nature's dictates I'll pursue,

Nor be wretched to be wise.

Shou'd I meet the gentle youth

On this bless'd auspicious day,

I'll requite his love and truth,

And no longer say him nay.

Anna walks about in a melancholy attitude,

Enter Strephon,

STREPHON,

Pardon me, lovely nymph, if I intrude,

Unlicens'd, on your sacred solitude:

Pity

Pity the wound your conqu'ring eyes have giv'n ;

Mercy's the sweetest attribute of heav'n.

O ! let sweet mercy's smile extend to me !

And may heav'n's choicest blessings smile on thee.

ANNA,

To pity's claim this breast was ever true,—

If thou art wretched, STREPHON, 'tis thy due ;—

Pity we owe to ev'ry suff'ring heart,

Which, tho' it cannot heal, may sooth the smart.

STREPHON

O ! let my suff'rings more than pity move !

O ! let that pity ripen into love !

So will my ANNA's goodness shine confess'd,

Whilst love and life shall warm this faithful breast.

AIR,

AIR.

Tho' ling'ring winter still presides,
 And frosts and fogs remain ;
 Tho' Phœbus his bright tresses hides,
 Nor gilds the dreary plain ;
 Yet, ANNA, in thy love-fraught eyes
 Another sun is seen,
 Whose radiant beams illumine the skies,
 And cheer the wint'ry scene,

 On thy fair cheek the vernal rose
 Blooms like the rising morn ;
 In thy soft heart each virtue glows
 That can thy sex adorn :

From

From thy sweet lips Arabia breathes,

And Philomel resigns

To thy superior voice her wreathes,

And droops her head and pines.

O ANNA! since in thee I view

Each beauty Spring can boast;

Let not my heart its ardor rue,

Nor chill my hopes with frost;

For, tho' the sun resume his sway,

And blushing flow'rs appear;

Unless thy smiles make nature gay,

'Tis winter all the year,

ANNA

ANNA.

AIR.

Tho' STREPHON's good-nature such beauties can
 find
 In the eyes of his ANNA, her voice and her mind;
 I humbly must doubt what I cannot believe,
 And think Cupid has taught you yourself to
 deceive.

These eyes cannot make rose or vi'let appear,
 Nor chace the dull clouds that make nature look
 drear:

My mind, tho' serene, cannot calm the loud storm,
 Nor my voice hush the winds, which the ocean
 deform.

But

But if, gentle youth, Spring depends on my smile,
 If ANNA's affection your cares can beguile ;
 That affection shall ever your sorrows allay,
 And we'll sing, smile and love, and the year shall
 be May.

Colin and Phillida appear.

PHILLIDA.

AIR.

With pleasure, fair neighbour, I greet you,
 And wish you much joy of your swain ;
 How lucky it was he shou'd meet you
 This Valentine's morn on the plain !
 Young COLIN and I have been peeping,
 And hearing the soft things you said ;—

Quite

Quite mov'd with your sighing and weeping,
To speak I was almost afraid.

But now all the flurry is over,
We've each found a partner for life;
May the husband still prove a fond lover,—
An amiable mistress the wife!

CHORUS.

But now all the flurry &c.

COLIN.

For me, simple shepherd, 'twas clever,
That PHILLIDA taught me to woo,
And, had it been STREPHON's endeavour,
His ANNA had taught it him too.

But

But he (gentle swain) was so tender,
 Fair ANNA so sweetly beset;
 She had nothing to do but surrender,
 On being so happily met,

But now all the flurry is over,
 We've each found a partner for life;
 May the husband still prove a fond lover,—
 An amiable mistress the wife!

CHORUS.

But now all the flurry &c.

ANNA.

Away with all coyness and fooling,
 Fair maidens, let ANNA advise:—
 Since love in our hearts will be ruling,
 Acknowledge his pow'r and be wise.

Our

Our delicate sentiments swaying,
Might kill the fond youth we adore;
'Twere sin with his pain to be playing,
When once we his truth can explore.

But now all the flurry is over,,
We've each found a partner for life;
May the husband still prove a fond lover,—
An amiable mistress the wife!

CHORUS.

But now all the flurry &c.

STREPHON.

Away with all sorrow and sighing!
I give my complaints to the wind:—
My ANNA is soft and complying;—
Her eyes correspond with her mind:

We've

We've both known the pleasure and anguish
That ev'ry fond heart must endure:

The more we despair, sigh and languish,
The more we rejoice at the cure.

But now all the flurry is over,
We've each found a partner for life ;
May the husband still prove a fond lover,—
An amiable mistress the wife !

CHORUS.

But now all the flurry &c.

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END OF THE FIRST VOL.

